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THE NEW UNITY

Reading Room Divinity School

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 30, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

JUSTICE

Pay back the lower debts of life you may,
Forward alone can higher debts be paid.
Let not in thee the prophet line be broken.
Stay not with selfish heart or wanton hand
The holy stream of human helpfulness.
He steals from the past who the future robs
Of his highest for the noblest, its due.
The New asks not for generous superflux
But just investment of thy capital.
Not to thee and thine, but through thee and thine
Rolls the great inheritance.

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Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

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For further particulars, see editorial first page.
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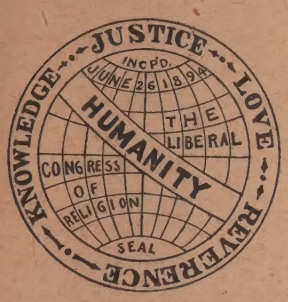
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897. NUMBER 44



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Be we the courage-bringers!
Let laugh the bells, O ringers!
Earth's hero-hearts and singers
Promise peace.
Despair and grief why borrow?
The world needs joy, not sorrow;
Work gladly for the morrow,—
Wrong shall cease.

Never fear! Light is growing!
Never fear! Truth is flowing
Where humanity shall share it,—
Never fear!
Never fear! clouds are fleeing;
Never fear! men are seeing
That the good at last shall conquer,—
Never fear!

—JAMES H. WEST.

YES, A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS:

May it be the happiness that will carry through three hundred and sixty-five days. This happiness comes only to lives well anchored in righteousness, lives touched with the peace that comes to those who rest in principle, lives lit with the glow and the gleam of those who follow an ideal. Such lives must often know the stress of living, the pinch of circumstances, the conflict of ideas, but to such every day is a New Year's Day, to such is known the blessedness of helping.

Hopefully, earnestly, THE NEW UNITY greets its friends and fellow workers

A series of disastrous fires, culminating in the loss of the great Coliseum building in the city of Chicago, presents forcibly the growing problems of the fire department. Great as is the progress in the efficiency of these departments, the complexity of the modern building, and particularly the intricacies and danger of the electric systems involved in the heating and lighting and power wires, have greatly augmented the danger from fires. The adventure in man outreaches his precautions. Builders must needs take counsel of their precautions. Science must help save that which it creates, protect that which it encourages.

The announced retirement of Stoddard from the lecture field caused thousands of people who have enjoyed his magnificent representations of scenes and scenery through the stereopticon to heave a sigh of regret, but probably this is but another illustration of the law of loss into greater gain.. A Chicago house is engaged in publishing a Travel Series in weekly parts, which will reproduce by means of the latest art these pictures laboriously gathered and widely shown from the platform. The No. 1 of this series is before us, a one-hundred and seventeen page pamphlet, magazine size, and every page is brilliant with Norway scenes and Norway life. Everything from a Viking ship to Ole Bull's grave is characteristic. If thousands regret the loss of the Stoddard of the platform we hope hundreds of thousands will welcome him as the Stoddard of the press.

We have recently had so much to say in these columns of the conservative and reactionary character of some of the pulpits of Nashville that we are glad to call attention to the fact that all preachers of that centennial city are not of that kind. Rev. A. W. Cheatam, pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, is giving a series of discourses on "Broad Churchmen," including such men as Phillips Brooks, Dean Stanley, Frederick Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and F. W. Robertson. The object of the course, he says, is to show "the historical development of the spirit of true catholicity and comprehensiveness," and also "that this splendid Nineteenth century has some of God's inspiration as well as the prophets of the olden time." The daily paper contains lengthy report of his sermon on Dean Stanley, in which he traces sympathetically the life that labored so well for the broader and sweeter interpretations of Christianity.

All Souls Church, Chicago, last year printed in as dignified and artistic a form as it could command, Milton's great Christmas hymn to carry its holiday greetings to its friends and members. This year it has published the two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett, which first appeared in London in 1837 and 1875 respectively. The two hymns were further characterized by the poet with the sub-title of "Old Style" and "New Style." The first is the familiar one beginning with

It was the calm and silent night.

This, in the estimation of many, stands next in dignity and beauty to Milton's hymn. The second is longer and more difficult, and much less known. Stedman in his "Victorian Anthology," prints two stanzas of it. It is written from the standpoint of modern thought and criticism, starting with the impressive picture of a winter's night, disturbed by the glad pealings of the bells, the gladness of which is interrupted in the mind of the poet by the thought of the cruel tragedy, the mocking wars, the dissension that have followed. He reflects on what might have been achieved by one so noble had he not been murdered so young. But the poem, at last, rises into confident strain still and welcomes the holly and the bells for they prefigure the time when

The whole majestic world shall walk elate
With her sublimest hero's faith in man's exalted state!

Alfred Domett was a fellow townsman of Robert Browning, nearly of the same age. He is the "dear old friend" referred to in Browning's poem of the "Guardian Angel." He is the "Waring" in the poem of this name, who

Glides away
Like a ghost at break of day.

The printing of this pamphlet is interesting. The border, initials, head and tail pieces have been reproduced directly for this pamphlet from Ongania's "Art of Printing During the Italian Renaissance," published in Venice, and they represent the achievements of the Aldus Press in the fifteenth century. They show that the art of printing is one of the few arts that reached perfection at the beginning. Those old printers struck twelve in the fifteenth century, and the best the modern printer can do is to try to imitate them.

The *Friends Intelligencer and Journal* quotes N. P. Gilman, professor of sociology at the Meadville Theological School, as authority for the saying that "the two most prominent cases of profit sharing in the United States are the iron and brass works of the N. O. Nelson Company, of St. Louis, and the Proctor & Gamble Company, manufacturers of soap in Cincinnati. The first has four hundred employees, the second six hundred. The villages of Leclaire, Ill., and Ivorydale, near Cincinnati, are model towns, testifying to what may be accomplished when brain and heart combine in the effort to solve the problem of bringing labor and capital into co-operative relations.

It is always a regret to us that those who work with us in the cause of THE NEW UNITY and the congress, should miss so much of the fellowship and inspiration that comes to the central desk from friends who are with us, working and waiting in their quiet way for our common cause. The following letter from Jonathan W. Plummer, a gracious Quaker, widely known as the representative of the growing spirit of that movement, is too good to keep to ourselves. We print it as a type of many letters which come to this office.

Dear Friend:—Yours of the 17th inst. came to hand yesterday. I shall be glad to help your work by a contribution in June, as you suggested, if nothing prevents. When my subscription to the UNITY expires please renew and send in bill for payment. It comforts me to believe that the so-called Christian countries or nations are steadily passing from the form and letter of our varying faiths, into or nearer to the love and justice of an applied Christianity that rests in the spirit and purpose of Jesus and the power of the indwelling Christ.

Samuel A. Eliot, pastor of the First Unitarian Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., son of President Eliot, of Harvard College, has accepted the secretaryship of the American Unitarian Association, made vacant by the appointment of Mr. Batchelor to the editorship of the *Christian Register*. Editor and secretary enter upon their duties with the first of the year. We bid them welcome and God speed in their high work. So far as they represent the liberal thought in religion, the expanding spirit of fellowship and good will, the recognition of truth in many forms and under differing names, they come to cheerful and growing tasks. So far as they are determined to have these truths and graces identified or circumscribed by the word "Unitarian" they come to a more difficult and perplexing task. Both of these workers come to their tasks with knowledge and experience. Both have had a wide and ample training. They will need it all in the difficult undertaking of reconciling the Unitarian *movement* to the Unitarian *denomination*, making the sectarian spirit go hand in hand with the spirit of universal religion. Theirs is the problem with which Unitarians have grappled for the last quarter of a century. Is it to be *Unit*-arian based upon a doctrine that is opposed to the doctrine of the Trinitarian, or is it to be a *Unity*-arian, a spirit and a fellowship that seeks to unite those who have been too much apart, to restore a lost fellowship, to regain a sense of kinship, not by sacrificing thought but by perfecting thought?

The *New York Voice* indulges in some righteous contempt for the inconsistencies of the Sunday-school superintendent and other representatives of religion in Wilmington, Delaware, who designed, executed and raised the money to pay for a silver punch bowl that would hold four gallons, worth seventeen hundred dollars, which was presented by the city to the new gunboat bearing the name of "The City of Wilmington." To offset this lapse in piety the children of the Sunday school raised three hundred dollars with which to buy a suitable Bible to be presented to the gunboat. The Bible is kept locked up in a suitable glass case. Senator Bayard, who made the presentation speech of the punch bowl, advised that it be often used, frequently filled, and as frequently emptied, and there is evidence that his advice was promptly taken. Many good people, some of them doubtless to be found among our readers, will feel that this is stretching a point and pushing a reform into an idiosyncracy. But whiskey is whiskey, whether taken out of a seventeen hundred dollar punch bowl on board the "Wilmington," or out of a glass bottle in a groggery on the alley. Physically the results are the same, and spiritually the whiskey out of the silver punch bowl is apt to be more blighting, for its arrows fly higher and pierce more shining marks. Shame on Senator Bayard! Shame to the City of Wilmington! Alas! for the crew of the "Wilmington." Alas! for the "Wilmington" itself. May the day speedily come when it will represent the lost art of killing and it will be an expensive piece of uselessness.

The *Universalist Leader* is somewhat distressed over our announcement that the *Universalist* has moved from Chicago to Boston because it is "still *published* in Boston *and* Chicago." What we ought to have said in order to be more exact, was that the new paper is published by the Universalist Publishing House with its headquarters in Boston; that the paper is *printed* in Boston; that it is *mailed* in the Boston post office as second class matter; that the money is probably to be sent there; and we suppose that all mistakes, typographical and otherwise, ought to be centered there, but that by virtue of some mystical process known to the Yoga philosophers and some religious papers, it has an astral body in Chicago as well. This pleasing fancy in a dual place of publication the *Universalist* itself indulged in for several years, by carrying the double center of Cincinnati and Chicago within its publishing orbit, although we suspected all the while the Cincinnati brethren felt a little lonesome on account of the removal of Brother Cantwell and his "Star of the West" to Chicago, although he sent back an astral *Universalist* to take his place. Some of these days perhaps THE NEW UNITY will be strong enough and big enough and spiritual enough to have not only two centers but many to its publication orbit. We may hope to be published in Yokohama, Upsula and Yucatan; meanwhile, for convenience's sake, we will continue to do the work, to receive the money, and to take the criticism at the old stand in Chicago. As to our contemporary, the *Universalist Leader*, we are sure that it has a vigorous representative in Chicago, and that Dr. Cantwell will be able to answer most of the questions and transact most of the business in connection with the "Universalist Denomination in the West," at the old stand in Chicago.

Newton M. Mann, of Omaha, has recently published a sermon on "The kindness to animals in the Christian World," which he characterizes as "The evolution of a sentiment." Mr. Mann tells us that "Paul who could write the marvelous chapter on charity or brotherly love, seems not to have thought that divine compassion reaches below the human race." Christianity he tells us began its career in an age of cruelty. He complains that there is no one word in any of the European languages, our own included, to represent this proper feeling towards the lower animals. He tells us that not many years ago a Canadian bishop issued a denunciation of the movement declaring the notion that animals have rights which men are bound to respect, a heresy, contradicting the scriptures and the traditions of the church. Our preacher goes to India to find his scripture texts and his enforcements. It is a sermon which the Humane Society of Nebraska is doing well in circulating. We hope it will be taken up by other societies and widely circulated.

Some Important New Books.

Mr. Powell's book on "Nullifications and Secession"[1] is a work concerning which only an historian can pronounce upon in detail, but of the work in general, its purpose, scope and execution, we can most unequivocally speak words of praise. It is a work of national interest, written in the national spirit. The writer took his sectional spectacles off and has taken a hot question and discussed a sore problem in such a large way that it will do much to relieve both north and south of the false bias born out of a narrow vision. Mr. Powell has shown that from the beginning sectional jealousy and factional hostilities threatened the federal republic. The six attempts at nullification he gives as "The Nullification Resolution, 1798;" "The Plot for a Northern Confederacy in 1803-4;" "Burr's Attempt at Cleaving the Union in the Southwest;" "The New England Nullification in 1812-14;" "South Carolina Nullifi-

1. NULLIFICATIONS AND SECESSION IN THE UNITED STATES: A HISTORY OF THE SIX ATTEMPTS DURING THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.—By Edward Payson Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1897, $2.00.

cation in 1832," and "Secession in 1861." All of which led up to the high climax which was established by the last attempt, that the union is indissoluble except by revolution. This question is so treated that we must think in the main it will find responsive appreciation in the south as in the north.

It puts slavery where it belongs, not as the "peculiar" institution of a "section" or the unique crime of one people, but as a survival of lower forms of government and of life. In America it was the dying end of what once was universal and considered inevitable. Mr. Powell in the concluding chapter looks forward as well as backward and counts the dangers to the permanency of the republic, the first of which he puts still the negro problem; second the problem of ignorance; third, the problem of expansion; fourth, spoliation of the rich; fifth, spoliation of the poor; sixth, the policy of protecting special industries; seventh, centralization; eighth, failure of popular government itself. To our mind the danger he places first comes well down the list, but it is not our purpose to review, much less to criticise this work. We hope some of our contributors will give it the attention it deserves in future. Peculiar interest gathers around this book to THE NEW UNITY readers. A private letter from the author says: "It was born at the congress of 1894. While sitting in the 'Lexington,' in Chicago, with Dr. Cave, in a controversy over the historical features of secession, I promised him a magazine article. It became a volume." The congress may well be proud of this indirect product, for it is conceived in the large spirit of brotherhood and will make mightily for wider fellowship and deeper sympathy across seemingly dividing lines.

It is a pleasant surprise to come on this slender little volume of letters between John Sterling and Ralph Waldo Emerson,[2] and we are under great obligation to the son of the latter, Dr. Edward Waldo, for giving to the world this interesting find "Nothing new." Perhaps not; but something very delightfully refreshing and renewing. The editor has told us the pathetic story of John Sterling in a tender way and the almost maternal affection that grew in the father Emerson's heart toward this young man whom he had never seen, is another proof that the clear head implies the warm heart, and that high thinking fosters deep loving. This is a little book to love and to put carefully on the shelf close by the Emerson row.

Dr. Carus' work as a student of Buddhism is well known to our readers. In this very number of THE NEW UNITY his Nashville address on this subject is reported, and here comes two new volumes from his hand. The first is an interesting piece of comparative work.[3] Without invidiousness on either side, Christianity and Buddhism are put side by side, so that the reader can note not only their points of dissimilarity, but the great similarity in many respects. He treats of the original philosophy and psychological problems of Buddhism. In the seventh chapter, "Christian Critics of Buddhism," he brings the problems of the missionaries down to date and discusses them in an appreciative but rational spirit. Even Monier Monier-Williams disturbs him not, because he emphasizes his Christianity so persistently but because he narrows his Christianity to the confines of the Anglican church, and thus makes an unfair exhibit of Christianity.

The second book of Dr. Carus is a quaint bit of Japanese workmanship.[4] Notwithstanding the *crepe* paper, the very interesting illustrations by native artists, and the story form of the narrative, it is a good solid bit of Buddhistic philosophy which will secure reading all the more surely because of its quaint and attractive setting. We hope that it has done good service as a holiday book ere this.

The next book, "The Singing Verses for Children,"[5] tempts triple criticism. Of the music we cannot speak. It looks well. We cannot tell how good it would sound. Of the pictures by Mrs. Alice Kellogg Tyler, we must think the original designs are badly misrepresented by the reproductions. We would like to see the originals. The color scheme of the printer must have left out much and marred more. The drawing is so admirable and always striking and unique that we can but think that it would have been better to have left them in the black and white rather than to have blurred and blotted them with color as these pictures sometimes are. Of the poetry, to say that they are written by Mrs. Coonley Ward is enough to say that they are tripping, airy, easy lines. The rhythm seems to come so easy through the fingers of Mrs. Ward that one feels afraid it will go as easily. If there was not so much of this kind of talent it would be prized higher. If the printers and publishers would give us a chance we might be growing some folk songs, at least some home songs. If we did, some of these pretty lines of Mrs. Ward would come to stay. As it is, they are probably doomed to be hurried out of the way for the next flood of books that will surely come with another Christmas tide.

The world has no idea of getting along without Tennyson's "In Memoriam."[6] It is one of the sure successes of English literature. It has come to stay.

2. CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN JOHN STERLING AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON, WITH A SKETCH OF STERLING'S LIFE.—By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.00.

3. BUDDHISM AND ITS CHRISTIAN CRITICS. By Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, $1.25.

4. NIRVANA, THE STORY OF BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY.—By Dr. Paul Carus, illustrated and printed by T. Hasegawa, Tokio, Japan, for the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, $1.00.

5. SINGING VERSES FOR CHILDREN.—By Lydia Coonley Ward, pictures by Alice Kellogg Tyler, music by Elinor Smith, Jessie L. Gaynor, Frederick W. Root, Frank H. Atkinson, Jr. Macmillan Co., New York, $2.00,

6. IN MEMORIAM.—Alfred Tennyson, with a Preface by Henry Van Dyke, illustrated by Harry Fenn. Ford, Howard & Hulbert, New York, $3.50.

This is one more edition. The illustrations do not mar the text, and sometimes they illuminate it. Mr. Van Dyke has not overdrawn the preface. It is presumed that the reader is able to discover beauties for himself and to interpret the high text to his own soul. It furnishes only that trellis work of fact upon which the genius of Tennyson has woven the deathless vine. We are glad of this book.

Notes From E. P. Powell.

Always one phenomena in nature was to primitive man the most intimate symbol of his own spirit. When he saw the flame leap from piled logs it appeared to him as the spirit of the wood. He saw the flame of the morning sun kindle the eastern sky. From both came heat, light, and beneficence. On nothing else was man so dependent. He knew little of the scientific facts that all existence depends on the sun; but he recognized the beneficent power that thus blessed him. The family was built up about the hearth fire; the fields gave their crops under the smiles of the sky fire. This mighty power came and went. If storms hid it they seemed to be foes to man; when the clouds were broken the smiling sun was the return of a friend. All poetry as well as all fact thus clustered about fire and light. In time the heart of flame became the symbol of the family. To preserve fire in the community became a sacred duty. Virgins who tended the flame became priestesses that stood between man and the divinity. There is after all but one step from the poetic to the scientific.

Trinitarianism was at its origin a method, not of expressing diversity, but of unity. Its meaning was that the three expressions of spirit involved in father, mother, child, were really one. This trinity of spirit was found in all historic religions. It was intended and used to antagonize the grosser dualism of primitive nature worship. This dualism taught the inherent antagonism of nature, as expressed in the constructive and the destructive. Physical life and nature developed dualism; but spiritual life taught a trinity. The true key with which to understand the trinities is father, mother and child; that is the maternal and the paternal principles and their product. The trinity of Brham was intellect, sensibilities and will; the trinity of Christianity was Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

The comparative value of religions is their comparative plasticity and power of evolution. A religion that fails to allow of free thought and enlarged knowledge fails of universal utility. There is no one religious development that has ever been fully tolerant of opposition and divergence. No religion has ever proved adaptable with equal readiness to all races. Mohammedanism fails wholly to suit itself to the needs of Europeans; but it is adaptable to the negro races of Africa, and is more efficient than Christianity in moralizing and civilizing them. Protestantism has proved inferior to Catholicism in this lessened degree of adaptability. It scorns human weakness; has less apology for human frailties; and it thunders out its denunciations without compromise. It belongs only to the higher races, and gets its hold intelligently only upon the higher classes. Theism is the religion of scholars. Its hope for universal acceptance lies in the fact that there is a growing internationalism of scholarship. It is the most plastic of all forms of Christianity only in this sense, that it refuses to formulate any creed except one that is constantly amendable to the newer developments of science.

Dr. Armstrong, in a recent important contribution to our literature discourses the comparative possible susceptibility and immunity of different persons to infection. He says that of two children, almost of the same age, having the same parents, living in the same environments, having to all appearances the same constitution, exposed to the same infective disease, one will be affected while the other escapes; or one recovers quickly while the other has a protracted or even fatal illness. These facts are as inexplicable as the reason for one animal being indifferent to a microbe that is rapidly fatal to another animal of a different species. But there is a fundamental truth that cannot be lost sight of, and that is that in a healthy human organism there is a power, independent of extrinsic remedial agents, that disposes of the germs of disease; and that this power can best be conserved and developed by the best hygienic conditions. Rossbach has said that "mankind has endeavored for thousands of years to discover specific remedies for diseases and the result has been the discovery of but four specific remedies for three diseases." Our present knowledge impresses us with the fact that our chief duty is not to seek so much to discover other remedies, but rather to learn to take measures to further the best development of the individual and make the conditions favorable to disease as few as possible. Dr. Armstrong is strongly inclined to believe that the present state of civilization is leading to "a survival of the unfit, rather than of the fittest." These step-children of nature, as they have been called, comprising a constantly increasing defective class, are the products of centuries of faulty conditions. No one seems ready, however, to advocate giving over the degenerative class for mother nature to dispose of on the old principle of the survival of the fittest.

It may have puzzled many to understand the almost universal custom of blessing either people or food. It originated in the idea that the soul and breath were one. Even the Greeks had but one word to cover the two things. It naturally followed that he who breathed upon food put his soul into it. The notion was not much more remote than that such food might become flesh and blood. The priest, in sacred line from God, breathed upon the bread in God's name, and the bread became God's flesh. The eater ate God's life; and so became immortal. We have endeavored to retain the corollary after the facts have been disallowed. It is the trouble with a good deal of religious ceremonial.

No topic has come up in the political world except a reform in currency—that begins to compare in importance with the subject of Postal Savings Banks. Postmaster General Gary follows three of his predecessors in urging this step of social progress. It has proved a success in European coun-

tries; and its success here is hardly problematical. What we want is public confidence and safety; especially among the poorer classes, where agitation is at present most serious. To secure this confidence we must enable them to feel that in some way their accumulations can be invested without danger of being swallowed by financial convulsions that they cannot foresee. It must be allowed that they have much reason for suspicion of the existing methods of investment. By all means give us Postal Savings Banks.

In a recent monograph Dr. Sears insists that boys and girls, as well as men and women, should have different methods of exercise. But the statement is not to be accepted without considerable abatement. Those countries where men and women work most together give the best physical development, the largest wholesomeness. The girls of America do not get enough of walking, riding, and management of horses. One of the oldest words in our language is daughter. Six thousand years ago that same word among our Aryan fathers meant milker. No handsomer, sounder women exist than those of the Island of Jersey and Guernsey, those of Holland, and some parts of Canada, where the daughter is yet the milker. Dr. Sears insists on a daily bath, and a daily change of underclothing. He believes colds result largely from changes in thickness of under garments rather than from lack of thickness. The city man, he urges, should play tennis, and should use Indian clubs; should jump, and wrestle, and in general, get very much the sort of training that an athlete requires. "Have a home gymnasium as much as you would have a home dining room or a home library." A man who lives in the suburbs he thinks should take golf, tennis, baseball, and a moderate dose of bicycle. It is notable that the doctors are getting to be afraid of the bicycle as it has been used. Women in the cities should join gymnasiums, and ride horseback, and in the latter part of the day should walk three to four miles, whenever not positively invalids. Then beside this, they should study up carefully the army setting-up exercises, and select half a dozen for their own daily use. Women who live in the country should ride more and play some games at regular intervals and for short spaces of time. They should join all the country clubs they can, play tennis or golf, walk, skate, and row. But they should do all these, except possibly golf and riding, alone, or with other women, and not with men. Children should be kept in the open air, and in the sunshine, during both cold and hot weather, and be brought up with the idea that it is necessary to take some exercise each day. Daily baths, fresh clothing, short, vigorous, systematic exercise at regular times, will do much not only to make them healthy, but to make them quick in their studies, and well supplied with common sense. The last word of Dr. Sears is that "if all the mothers were thorough physical exercisers, and if all their children were brought up to take regular exercise daily, we should have the United States filled with a thoroughly wholesome race of men and a fine, womanly, healthy race of women." As Mr. Carlyle says, "It needs an infinite capacity for taking pains." Only in this instance it would be enough if the capacity were merely finite instead of infinite.

Funeral Reform.

The *Church Economist* is a paper that ought to interest ministers of all denominations. It is, as the name implies, a weekly paper devoted to the economic problems of the church, the how to do it? and the what to do? The issue for December 23d contains a good account of the post office mission as established by the Unitarians, written by Mrs. D. W. Morehouse, of New York; also a clear account of the growth, organization, and present methods of the Christian Science movement. Under the head of "A Funeral Reform Appeal," it calls attention to the much-needed reforms in the customs of burying the dead. It tells us that the problem was recently discussed by the New York Presbytery and the Ministerial Association in Nebraska, and that it has come to some very definite practical suggestions through a minister's conference at Grand Rapids, Mich., where as an outcome of an essay read before the ministers by Rev. Mr. Sprague, the following recommendations were read in all the churches on the following Sunday:

First, that the funeral should be less public; that it should be in the home, but that the home is too sacred a place, especially in the hour of grief, to be desecrated by the incoming of the curious and indifferent crowd. May we help to strengthen the feeling that only those who are nearest, in sympathetic interest, to the bereaved household should venture to disturb it in the hour of sorrow. Especially are we called upon to do all in our power to overcome the custom of public procession and interment, which often endanger the health of the living, and in no small way contribute to the unnecessary extravagance of funeral expenses.

The second reform in which we solicit your co-operation is in the matter of expense. Everywhere, especially among those who lead in such matters, simplicity is the prevalent desire. And especially is it needful to keep uppermost this thought in the commemorations we erect for our departed friends.

The third reform is one that our faith has been working for through its 1,800 years. It is that of the mourning costume which, a relic from the Pagan faithless ages, still clouds our joy and shadows the Christian trust, as well as entails burdens of expense and inconvenience without cause.

The fourth reform concerns the religious service of the funeral. We solicit your earnest co-operation to the end, that the funeral service may be much more simple and brief; as a usual thing consisting of scripture reading and prayer, with one, and never more than two musical selections, the minister being permitted, as his judgment may direct, to offer brief remarks, which shall in no way be obligatory by custom, and never shall be extended to a sermon, since the funeral is not the place for argument, but for quiet reverence and trust.

The fifth reform concerns Sunday funerals. Your co-operation is needed in developing a sentiment against them, because they too often bring in their train such other evils as the undue publicity of the service and crowding of the home, the lavish display and extravagance in the appointments of the funeral, and the ostentatious procession and endangering public interment. We know that you will feel with us that funerals should not be held on Sunday, when they may as conveniently be appointed for a day or two earlier or later, and that we are not unreasonable in our efforts to call to the public attention the need of consulting with the officiating minister before arranging the time of all funeral services, whether on Sunday, when necessary, or on other days.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way.

—*Scattered Seeds.*

The Nashville Congress.

Brothers and sisters in the great family of man, little children in the household of our Father, fellow-seekers after light, fellow-workers for the right, fellow-worshipers at that universal shrine whereon brood the eternal sanctities that are revealed through Knowledge, Justice, Love and Reverence.

Judaism.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY RABBI M. PEREZ JACOBSON BEFORE THE LIBERAL CONGRESS AT NASHVILLE, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22, 1897, IN THE TEMPLE K. K. OHADEI SHALOM.

Among the inferences which science is gradually forcing upon the acceptance of the civilized world is one which our self-respect should prefer would prove itself false. It is that, instead of having appeared upon this planet of ours but five or six years ago, as biblical chronology and other traditional computations have led us to believe, man has lived here on earth some hundreds of thousands of years, and that it has taken all those vast æons to bring him to the even as yet but very unsatisfactory standard of the present. When we think of what man has been until but very recent times, that every page of history until even that of but yesterday sends the blush of shame to our cheeks, that even the page of to-day is written probably with more lines of humiliation than of congratulation, we can scarce desire to have it demonstrated to us not only that our inglorious past was of almost infinite duration, but also that the vaster, the infinite portion of that inglorious past must have been even yet more inglorious than the inglory in the knowledge of which we already hang our heads in shame and are confounded.

Not inaptly may history be likened unto a phonograph placed in a bedlam of the violently insane. It echoes with the curses of the passionate, the shrieks of the outraged, the clanking of chains, and the jeering of the pitiless. Not struggle, but strife, plain, vulgar, brutish strife, makes the burden of the story, and it is the fighters, not the fittest, who survive. The fittest go down in the maddening vortex. No sword was sheathed until, like Alexander's, it was at a loss for more victims. The greatest butcher was the greatest man. Cæsar became the idolized dictator, the very god, of the Roman populace because he alone was responsible for the murder of one million two hundred thousand human beings. When we hear of the ravages of a famine like that in India, when the reports reach us of how a pestilence sweeps half the world and so heaps the dead that graves can not be dug fast enough, and dozens of corpses must be piled hurriedly into one superficial hole, when our sympathies are made to bleed as now at the frightful terror of death, brooding vampire-like upon our plague-stricken sister-cities of this fair South, draining her health and her wealth with a malignant fever, when the current of anguish is shocked through our soul, as it was some months ago by the dispatch which informed us of the almost double hecatomb of victims who fell cruel prey in Paris to that most frightful of deaths, the flames, as they, generous men and tender women, were engaged in a loving enterprise of charity, when a flood like that of Johnstown sweeps away in an instant a whole city and a whole district, when we turn to history and read of an eruption like that of Vesuvius, which buried two great cities in a death of scalding and of suffocation, overwhelming men at their duties, sparing neither nursing mothers nor innocent children, in our horror we are betrayed into the exclamation: Can it be that God is? Our humanities are appalled, and we must conclude that God is either inhuman or that He is not at all. But we have complimented man too much. For a far worse foe to man than the famine, the flood, the fire, the epidemic, the earthquake or the eruption, has been man himself. Where they brought death, he brought tortures; where they wrought torments, he wrought agonies; where they slew thousands, he slew his tens of thousands; and the major part of history is but the record of his cruelties and his crimes. Might was the only right between individuals and between nations.

But gradually man has come to demand a new criterion of greatness. No longer conquest and craft, but peace and justice, are the ideals of history. Not the enslaver, but the emancipator, not the plunderer, but the philanthropist, not the slayer, but the savior, are becoming the popular idols and the preemptors of fame whose names will go down in glory to the immortal ages. Upon the dark background of the past the new story of the future will loom up in shining beauty. Righteousness will be written upon it in letters of burnished gold. Merit, not monsters, will make the inspirations of the coming bards and biographers. That which has wrought this marvelous contrast is a new element which has been quietly and steadily accumulating in influence in the affairs of man until now at last it is almost the dominant factor in civilization. This new element is the religion of the prophets. It is the greatest of all religions alike in power and in numbers. It claims for its own the whole of civilization, and at least the half, if not more than the half, of the entire human family. In the form of two offshoots, Christianity and Islam, it has so spread abroad that, like unto some giant oak, the vast circumference of its branches dwarfs to the sight the sturdy grandeur of its central trunk, from which they germ. Enlightened Christianity admits, with Christ himself, that it has added nothing new to the religion of the prophets. It maintains merely that it has supplied prophecy with a motive force, in which prophecy as such was deficient. But whence then has come the motive force unto Mohammedanism, which conquered a vaster domain for prophetic religion and gave unto it devotees of admittedly infinitely more ardent enthusiasm? The conquering and creative forces alike in Christianity and in Islam can be thus the inspiration inherent only in prophecy itself, acting upon different peoples. For such an inspiration to gain control pure and absolute it must take time, and long time at that. But that the control pure and absolute is at hand there can no longer be any doubt. The historian Lecky observes—I am quoting not his words, but only the gist of what he says as I remember it:—"Wherever the principles of freedom and of human equality were in the assertion, wherever tolerance was striven for, where our essential humanities were the issue, we find the inspiration rather from the Old Testament than from the New. The Ironsides

of Cromwell fought with their weapon in one hand and their Bible opened at the Psalms in the other. The Puritans, who are the founders of the American liberties, have often been designated 'the Christian rabbinists." But both the Psalms and rabbinism are merely the direct and logical successors of the prophets.

Three characteristics of prophecy have enabled this world-conquering accomplishment. In the first place, it based itself simply in human consciousness. The starting point of every other religion was either in its partial and faulty view of nature, or in its special racial or national ambitions and pride. The gods were pre-eminently the creators of the local territory and of the local humanity, to which all the known rest of the world was but an insignificant adjunct. The prophets reversed this order of things. I quote from Deuteronomy, which, though we may not accept it as of Mosaic origin, is found by higher criticism to be so in the spirit of prophecy that the critics have maintained it to be the very subjective book of the prophets themselves. Here we find them at the very opposite pole of this conception. It is just the insignificance of Israel with which they are impressed. "Not because ye are more in numbers than all the nations, did the Lord desire you and make choice of you; for ye are the fewest of all the nations." Deut. vii: 7.

And what further characterizes them is the scientific intuition or the complete silence of nature as to all argument for God. Neither in the heavens above, nor beyond the seas, in none of the marvels of creation, but only in the consciousness of humanity, can God be found. When God is once known, nature may help to interpret him. But originally to prove and to demonstrate him it would be futile to seek her. He speaks only in man. Shakespeare says that there are:

> —tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones and good in everything.

Yes, but it is only when the tongues and the books and the sermons and the good are first in the heart of man. One man will go out into the open and his speech will be one constant exclamation, a cloud! a mountain! a meadow! a stream! a stone! a robin! a rose! Another man will visit the same realm of glory and will say indifferently, cloud, mountain, meadow, stream, stone, robin, rose. What in nature carols to Apollo simply cackles to Pan. This quiescence of nature as to the Deity the prophets recognized. "It is not in the heavens above that thou shouldst say, who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us that we may hear it and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us that we may hear it and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." Deut. xxx: 12.

Here for the first time is set up the only common and universal oracle for religious consultation, accessible and intelligible to the ignorant no less than to the wise, speaking as comfortingly to the heart of the slave as to the heart of the master, making all men equal and all humanity akin. It was the first revelation which could surmount the barriers of race and of government, and in its glorious universalism arouse the contemptuous indulgence which heretofore allowed each nation its distinctive divinities into an aggressive demand for religious fellowship. It was the magnitude and the splendor of this universalism of the prophets that gave Christendom and Islam their fierce fire and fine fanaticism and conquered half the world unto prophecy with the promise of the conquest of the other half as soon as it is won from barbarism.

Next to its universalism the success of the prophetic creed lay in its attractiveness. A god who is simply a creator and a local or class favorer distinguishes himself mainly merely by his power and his caprice. He must forever be won, flattered and propitiated. Awe dominates his worship and sacrifice is his ritual. Fear was the element, and servility was the practice, of all the religions of paganism. It is just this which the prophets protest against. "For I spake not unto your fathers," says Jeremiah in the name of God, "nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of Egypt concerning burnt offerings and sacrifice." Jeremiah vii:12. The relation between God and man, in the prophetic conception is, we have seen, not an external one. It is an internal one. It is discovered through the heart, and but through the heart must it be maintained and exercised. The heart's keynote is love. Love, therefore, say the prophets, must be the keynote of the relation of God to man and of man to God. To typify this relation the prophets can find no other figure so apt as that of the human family, and in it no position so wholly characterizing the tenderness, and yet withal the dignity of the Deity as that of the parent to his child. Therefore we find Malachi, the last of the prophets, summing up the prophetic creed in a single sentence, in that magnificent oratorical question: "Have we not all one Father; has not one God created us?" Malachi ii:10. And Jeremiah, one of the earliest of the great prophets, makes God entreat Israel: "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father, thou, the guide of my youth?" Jeremiah iii:4.

Now, a father's paramount desire is the peace and happiness of his household. The only acceptable return his children can make to him for his love and solicitude is their loving and honorable behavior toward one another. This moral demand of God Moses already had made a requirement of religion. The prophets immeasurably accentuated it by making it the requirement. "He hath told thee, O man, what is good and what the Lord requireth of thee, but to do justice and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God," says Micah. (Micah vi:8.) The service which they in this rendered unto humanity is almost beyond estimate. In all the other religions of the ancient world morality and worship were wholly detached. Now and then a moral demand flashes forth as the luminous presentiment of this or that philosopher. But the absolute imperativeness of morality was nowhere felt, nor was any virtue more than a debatable question in which this or that advocate chanced in the discussion to stumble upon the truth. Confucianism attempted a moral code as the recommendation of policy; Buddhism recommended morals as the completest expression of indifference to the world. Their morality was thus utterly deficient of vitality. It never becomes a contagious example, an influence, or an inspiration. Prophecy alone has infused

morals with a living force, which has converted vague generalizations into the definite propositions which have become the axioms of righteousness unto civilization. And it is only in connection with prophecy that morality still preserves its cogency and its unequivocalness. Even to-day with all our moral instruction from the prophets, if we attempt o reason any virtue apart from God, the clearest duty is cast in doubt and the demarcations between right and wrong become indistinct and vanish. Prophecy is thus not only the parent of our morality but is even yet to this day its necessary prop and stay.

Such was the confidence of the prophets in morality as the sole pleasing service unto God that they were convinced of his encouragement of it by the manifestation of his favor unto the righteous. Goodness must be divinely rewarded, they felt, and the sole nation which made goodness its religion must be as a nation vindicated and exalted. In this confidence they predicted the independence and splendor of a national Israel. The event falsified their predictions, thank God! Yet their confidence was unshaken. It simply took another form and the hope of immortality sprouted from the creed of the prophets as naturally as the flower sprouts from the seed. This blossoming of beauty bursts forth into full luxuriance first in the Psalms and in the later literature of the Bible, and especially in the instruction of the rabbinical schools. More than a hope, more than a confident expectation immortality can never be. As an assurance it would be wholly unintelligible, and to place the weight of religion and morality in an unimpenetrable mystery would but undermine their influence and their argument. Prophetic religion in leading up to immortality as but the hope of our humanities stops thus just short of going too far. It gives righteousness all the encouragement of expectation without offending its sense or its faith by extravagant tale or imagery.

God in humanity, humanity in God, God's fatherhood, man's brotherhood, religion as the consciousness of the individual and as the universal intuition of the race, with love for its keynote, duty for its service, and an open hope for its reward, this, and only this, is not merely the spirit, but the Alpha and Omega of the religion of the prophets. And this, the religion of the prophets, no more and no less, is what we mean to-day and what our recognized illustrious authorities in all ages have ever meant by Judaism. It is a simple creed. But as all the vast and intricate operations in mathematics are performed by means of but a few simple axioms, so there is not an ideal in the human race, or a social problem, which can fail to attain through this prophetic religion of Israel its fulfillment and solution. Therefore is this religion of the prophets already become the banner-cry of all the advanced minds and all the advanced hearts even, too, in Christendom. To this prophetic religion of Israel belongs the divinity of the future. By it must be adjudged the divineness in the present. It is the standard, too, by which must be and will be, nay, is even now being, assigned their rank to all the God-commissioned prophets of other races and nations. For God in his mercy, is a Talmudic doctrine of liberal Israel, has left no people without his revelation. Only it is the glory of Israel in the past that unto her was granted that revelation in its purity and its completion. And Israel's continuance in glory is only in her continuance in living up to this illustrious priesthood of God and man by a world-wide love, a broad justice, an humble virtue, and a sustained hope.

Buddhism.

SECOND ADDRESS BY P. CARUS, OF CHICAGO.

My friends, Jews as well as Gentiles, I wish to say a few words only, and will not talk about Buddha, but will read to you a few sentences from the Buddhist canon, so that Buddhism will speak for itself. And it gives me special satisfaction to read these passages after this grand, solemn worship in the Mosaic faith. [These addresses were preceded by the regular Friday evening prayer service of the Jewish congregation impressively rendered by Rabbi Lewinthal and an excellent choir.—ED.]

There are two religions which ought to be especially interesting to Christians on account of their close relation to Christianity. They are Judaism, the religion taught first by Moses, and Buddhism. You had an example of the old Mosaic faith, and listened to the original text of the songs and psalms which have been sung for more than two thousand years. Yet I wish to read to you another set of passages as sacred in tone and as noble as these Jewish psalms.

The doctrines that are characteristic of Buddhism do not appear as fully developed in Judaism as they are in Christianity. And even then we find as much difference between the formulations of the doctrines, between the credos of Buddhism and Christianity, as there is agreement in the spirit of the two religions and their ethics. There are, for instance, several expressions which sound almost Christian and might be suspected of being importations from Christian countries through missionaries if they were not indubitably older by several centuries than Christianity. For instance *Dhammachakka*, the kingdom of truth; or *dharmaraja*, as Buddha is called, "King of Truth," or *mahâ Sudassana*, the king of all glory, the glorious sovereign; as Christians speak of the Lion of Juda, so Buddhist speak of Shakyasimha, the lion of the Shakyatube. Some of the sutras bear names which strike one as Christian, for instance, the sutra of the foundation of the kingdom of righteousness; the sutra of the king of all glory, and others. The Dhammapada is a collection of psalms which contain a number of most beautiful passages, and I shall read some to you of a translation of Prof. Rhys Davids. These and similar passages are written in the most beautiful and melodious pali-language, which sounds not unlike the Italian when well spoken.

In the Buddhist Mahavagga you find passages which remind you very much of the New Testament. Buddha sent out his disciples with these words which are written in the holy Veda:

> Go ye now, O disciples, and wander forth for the benefit of the many, for the welfare of mankind, out of compassion for the world. Preach the doctrine which is glorious in the beginning, glorious in the middle, and glorious in the end, in the spirit as well as in the letter. There are beings whose eyes are scarcely covered with dust, but if the doctrine is not

preached to them they cannot attain salvation. Proclaim to them the life of holiness. They will understand the doctrine and accept it.

Buddhism is interesting to us on account of its great resemblance to Christianity. Whether or not there is an historical connection between Buddhism and Christianity is, in my opinion, a very indifferent question, because finally, the result is the same. The fact that Buddhism is older than Christianity, proves that such moral truths as love even to those who hate us, love of enemies, boundless good will toward all the world, have been attained by mankind as a product of the natural development. They are accordingly an intrinsic part of the world order. The cosmic order, it appears, is not immoral as Huxley thought, but agrees with the ethic of love. Indeed, we have these words indicated in the Old Testament, perhaps not with the same clearness, but yet the development of the religion of Israel is in that same direction. There are passages in Isaiah and Jeremiah (I refer mainly to those passages which repudiate bloody sacrifice) which sound almost like copies from the Buddhist scriptures. Religion is a development, religion is an education of mankind. And here is exactly the point where those who belong to the old fold misunderstand the onward movement of the present day.

We see deeper now than we saw formerly. And here comes the greater truth which we ought to comprehend. It is this, that God's revelation is not closed. Revelation continues. God did not speak to Moses alone, as is written in the Old Testament. So God spoke not through Jesus alone. Jesus began a new movement, which continues without stopping, leading us higher to new truth. What we need to-day is not a repudiation of doctrine, but more conviction and surer conviction than ever. We may have to change our creed but we can not be without a definite doctrine. We want to make our conviction more scientific and base it on the facts of life, not take it on the authority of Bishop Athanasius, or some one of the church fathers. The revelation of to-day comes to us in the shape of exact sciences. If there is a God present to-day, He speaks through the mouth of the new truths and discoveries of the present age. The scientist is also a prophet. We have learned many religious truths through science, for instance the doctrine of evolution, which is as much a comforting idea as the idea of immortality. God is not confined to the times of the Old Testament nor to the times of Jesus, but He speaks to us to-day. What can revelation mean if it is not the cognition of some important truth? Wherever there is a genuine truth it is the word of God.

Hatred does not cease by hatred at any time, hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

Earnestness is the path of immortality (Amrita), thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Follow not after vanity, nor after the enjoyment of love and lust! He who is earnest and meditative obtains ample joy.

He who knows that this body is like froth, and has learnt that it is as unsubstantial as a mirage, will break the flower-pointed arrow of Mâra, and never see the king of death.

As on a heap of rubbish cast upon the highway the lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight, thus the disciple of the truly enlightened Buddha shines forth by his knowledge among those who are like rubbish, among the people that walk in darkness.

Fools of little understanding have themselves for their greatest enemies, for they do evil deeds which must bear bitter fruits.

The man who is free from credulity, but knows the uncreated, who has cut all ties, removed all temptation, renounced all desires, he is the greatest of men.

One's own self conquered is better than all other people; not even a god, a gandharva, not Mâra with Brahma could change into defeat the victory of a man who has vanquished himself, and aways lives under restraint.

He who lives a hundred years, not seeing the immortal place, a life of one day is better if a man sees the immortal place.

He who lives a hundred years, not seeing the highest law, a life of one day is better if a man sees the highest law.

Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole world where death could not overcome (the mortal).

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

Buddhism is commonly regarded as pessimism. But far from being pessimism, it is a conquest of evil in the world, it is meliorism. The following verses have no pessimistic ring.

Let us live happily, then, not hating those who hate us; among men who hate us let us dwell free from hatred.

Let us live happily, then, free from ailments among the ailing; among men who are ailing let us dwell free from ailments.

Let us live happily, then, free from greed among the greedy! among those who are greedy let us dwell free from greed!

Let us live happily, then, though we call nothing our own! We shall be like the bright gods feeding on happiness.

Buddha formulated his doctrines in the four noble truths, the last of which is called the eight fold noble path of righteousness. We read in the Dhammapada:

The best of ways is the eightfold; the best of truths the four words; the best of virtues passionlessness; the best of men he who has eyes to see.

This is the way, there is no other that leads to the purifying of intelligence. Go on this way. Everything else is the deceit of Mâra (the tempter).

If you go on this way, you will make an end of pain. The way was preached by me when I had understood the removal of the thorns (in the flesh).

Buddhism is not quietism, as appears from the following verse:

If anything is to be done, let a man do it, let him attack it vigorously!

The following lines remind us of a similar passage in the Psalms.

The gift of the law exceeds all gifts; the sweetness of the law exceeds sweetness; the delight of the law exceeds all delights; the extinction of thirst overcomes all pain.

I conclude these selections with a famous passage from the *Sutta Nipata:*

Let no one deceive or despise another in any place; let him not out of anger or resentment wish harm to another.

As a mother, at the risk of her life, watches over her own child, her only child, so also let everyone cultivate a boundless good will towards all beings.

And let him cultivate goodwill towards all the world, a boundless goodwill, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity.

Standing, walking or sitting or lying, as long as he be awake, let him devote himself to this mind; this (way of) living is the best in this world.

Christianity.

THIRD ADDRESS BY REV. J. H. CROOKER, PASTOR OF UNITARIAN CHURCH OF TROY, N. Y. AND DELEGATE FROM THE NASHVILLE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The following is a very brief abstract of the short address at the close, on "The Heart of Christianity."

Christianity has affirmed the Fatherhood of God, but this other great religions have also taught; and

yet, no religion has believed enough in God. Christianity has affirmed the Brotherhood of Man, but this other great religions have also taught; and yet, no religion has believed enough in man. The church has represented the moral ideal; the immortal hope, the spirit of self-sacrifice; but other religious dispensations have also laid emphasis on these eternal verities.

What is most central, essential, and vital in Christianity is the life of Jesus. To interpret that life has been the problem of philosophy; to appropriate that life has been the aspiration of saints; to administer the spirit of that life has been the ambition of the church; to realize the nobility of that life has been the ideal of piety. We bring that life within the realms of humanity and make it purely natural and historical. But somehow, it so impressed and inspired men and women, that they found in the life of Jesus an explanation of the methods of Providence. They said, the love that was in Jesus is central at the heart of things. God feels for us as Jesus felt for sinners. The Father is all that the son was. The divinity in Jesus was made fundamental in the universe. Jesus did not make his followers feel that the heart throb of nature was that which beat in his own breast. Down at the bottom, below superstition and dogmatism, there is what all the speculations about Trinity and Atonement have meant: Jesus' love for man is central in the nature of God. More than any one else who ever lived, Jesus has made men feel that God is love. As men have come close to him, they have seen him dimly through the mists of tradition, but they have felt his life like a creative sun, and they have concluded: This divineness in him is that which is essential in God.

And surely they have not been far from the truth. The source of this divineness is God. The love in Jesus carries us deep into the heart of God. This doctrine is false only in its limitations. Its mistake has been in narrow "soulship" to Jesus alone; in restricting the divine incarnation to one individual. But the perennial foundation of power in Christianity has been just the conviction: That love which Jesus exhibited is the essence of Providence. By that men have been drawn, commanded, comforted, inspired, and purified. Just as Socrates helped our race to think of God as "Reason," so, in a much larger way, Jesus has made it easy to make people feel that God is "Love." Out of this comes new life. The rites have often been crude, but they have conveyed this sentiment. The symbols have often been imperfect, but they have published some truth. The creeds have been narrow, but they have been highways along which glad tidings have traveled from the heart of God to the heart of man.

Once more. Whenever the story of Jesus has been told, however imperfectly, it has made men feel: I must live like that! That story has furnished the ideal and motive of a new life. As he went about doing good, so I must do good. As he forgave, so I must forgive. As he was pure, so I must be pure. As He sacrificed for others, I also must sacrifice for others. So that Jesus has dwelt in the souls of men as a great educating personality, helping men to realize their spiritual possibilities.

This, I take it, is the heart of Christianity. Jesus so lived that he made men confident of God's love and solicitous for their own best life. Often obscured, and even denied, this is the power that has flowed on through history and wrought wonders. In this Jesus does not serve alone; but surely he has been pre-eminent in this spiritual ministry. It is disloyalty to him to set him apart. We honor him most when we bow before all the saints. There are other charts beside the Sermon on the Mount; other divine symbols beside the Cross. But the story of Jesus is still vital; it helps the saint to service, the sinner to repentance, the soul to the throne of infinite love.

Is it "All Gone?"

ALL GONE.

War's my Adam 'nd Ebe?
Make ole nigger b'liebe
War n't none? Preacher man say
"Story all done away."
O my lamb!

Whar's my apple so red,
Turned po' Missy Ebe's head?
'Nd de ole sarpent? "All lies,"
So say de preacher man, wise.
O my lamb!

Whar's my Jonah, dat groan
In de whale's belly all 'lone?
"Could n't done dat way,"
So de new preacher man say.
O my lamb!

Dey take my apple, take my Ebe,
Take my Adam 'nd snake dat deceibe,
Take my Jonah, take my whale,
'Nd bust my 'lijion. Po' nigger wail
O my lamb! IONE L. JONES.

Professor Schmidt, of Cornell University, recently occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian church, of Ithaca. The above poem in the Christmas number of Puck was the subject of his discourse in the evening. An Ithaca paper reports the Professor as saying:

It represents a poor old negro woman wailing over the loss of her religious faith. There is an infinite pathos in the song. A mighty indignation, a profound sorrow, the fact that she is but a representative of thousands of men and women in this age, lend to her grotesque speech, dignity and worth. She is a priestess sitting beside her deserted shrine, a modern Rizpah watching the lifeless body of her dead. Fascinated by the beauty of the covenant of the letter, she sees not the exceeding glory of the ministry of the spirit. All is gone she says. Yet nothing is gone. Eve and the serpent, Jonah and the whale, are, of course, gone as literal facts. But as embodiments of man's aspiration, his struggling thought, his spiritual insight, the myths and legends of the Bible still remain to help and bless us. We look for their soul, their incorruptible essence, and find food for thought and life glorious as in many ways the old conception was of God and the man and duty and destiny, the new estimate of the universe brought about by natural science and by as scientific interpretation of the sacred books of mankind, is far more beautiful and helpful as well as true to the facts of life. God is seen to be a far greater and a far better being than man's thought had pictured Him. He is the energy, the soul, the life of this boundless and eternal universe. And yet He is near each soul, for in Him we live. He changeth not. There are no exceptions to His laws. In any mansion of His house we shall find His justice and His love to be the same. This gives more rest to the soul than any myth that passed away from our world of thought as fact.

The Armies of the Corn.

Rank upon rank they stood and row on row;
Plumed, tasseled, uniformed in green,
With rations in their knapsacked husks between
The myriad blades they brandished at the foe.

Long held the brave brigades and would not yield
Till shattered by the destiny of war.
Then (gallant tribute from the conqueror!)
They stacked their arms and tented on the field.

—*J. Edmund Cooke in New York Sun.*

The Study Table.

The Christ-Child.

A babe was born in Nazareth Town
  Two thousand years ago,
Above whose head a star looked down,
  To light his manger low.
'Tis said the hovering angels sung
  Anthems of "Peace on earth,"
Whose bells of joy in gladness rung
  To celebrate His birth.

That shepherds with their flocks at night,
  On fair Judea's plain,
Were startled at the wondrous light,
  And music's sweet refrain.
'Twas in the mother's breast the star,
  In light and beauty shone,
And not the sky-dome orb afar,
  Or music's distant tone,
By angel's voices chanting clear,
The song was in her soul,
God and the angels both were near—
  Her heart their sacred goal.

Thus is this mystery understood—
  God's blessing from above,
The sacred boon of motherhood,
  And crown of heavenly love.
Each new life is a dear Christ-child,
  A savior meant to be,
To win the world by love beguiled,
  From sin to set it free!

When shall the angel's cry of "Peace
  Good will to men," prevail?
When shall the din of discord cease,
  Or Christ's dear prayer avail,
That all shall yet in love, be one—
  All hearts, all nations, too,
God's reign among men be begun
  Man's fading hope renew!

Hasten this longed for, lingering dawn,
  The wide earth's crying need,
When sin's sad darkness shall be gone—
  The soul's deep hunger feed!
May all our wills to Thy will yield,
  Each day our hearts new born,
Love's looked for triumph be revealed,
  Christ's joy our lives adorn!

REV. A. JUDSON RICH.

Milford, N. H., Dec. 1897.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF AMERICAN SONGS AND LYRICS.—Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1898. Cloth, 12 mo. $1.50.

Mr. Knowles has chosen a title for his compilation that brings it sharply into comparison with the most distinguished of all compilations, Palgraves's "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics." Of course the comparison is entirely with reference to the manner of his work. We do not expect to find here a body of poetry approximating to the excellence of that which is the sifted product of four centuries. But has Mr. Knowles done his work within his limits, with the ability and discretion of Palgrave in his wider field? It seems to us permissable to say that he has done so. He had a harder task than Palgrave, whose centuries of verse had been winnowed by the fan of time, while Mr. Knowles had to judge much for himself, though not without the help of various critics, that of Mr. Stedman being very plain. We have recently had occasion to criticise in these columns Mr. Palgrave's supplementary "Golden Treasury," covering the last fifty years. He confesses that he found his task much harder in this case than in the other. It is with this late volume that Mr. Knowles comes into more legitimate comparison. His task was certainly not less difficult than Palgrave's and he has accomplished it in a more satisfactory manner. His volume is more fairly representative of his seventy years of American verse than is Palgrave's "Second Series" of the last fifty years of English.

Palgrave included no American poems though entitling his book "A collection of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language." More recently Mr. W. E. Henley has made a compilation, "English Lyrics," and more gracious than Palgrave, or more pointedly ungracious, he has given a few of Poe's things, as much as to say that Poe is the only American poet of any lyrical importance. This is far away from Dr. Hedge's judgment "Thanatopsis our greatest poem; Emerson our greatest poet; Poe nowhere." Doubtless this is too severe, for Poe was master of an exquisite verse-music. It is that which has made his reputation for him among English critics, even Tennyson, in his recent life, standing with Mr. Henley in his exclusive commendation.

And now Mr. Knowles's volume raises the question whether we have American poetry other than Poe's, that is deserving of a place in an anthology of "The best songs and lyrical poems in the English language," especially as written in these later years. We think that Mr. Knowles's book answers that question with a modest "yes." We think that there are poems here that might displace some of those in Palgrave's "Second Series" with advantage to that series. But these comparisons are insidious. However they may rightly stand, it is certain that Mr. Knowles has given us a very beautiful and satisfactory collection of American poems. It must be remembered that he is making a collection of songs and lyrics, and that means that we cannot have Bryant at his best, nor Whittier, nor even Lowell. There can be few surprises for those well acquainted with our major poets. The personal equation is inevitable and many readers will imagine here and there, that they would have made a different choice. They will say, why not Gilder's "Not from the whole wide world I choose thee?" and, why not Longfellow's "Secret of the Sea," so subtly musical, and his "Chrysaor," more subtly so, opined by him and Bayard Taylor to be his most perfect thing. Why not of "Forgotten far-off things," Philip Cooke's "Florence Vane," and Fenmer's "Gulf Weed." Why not a more frequent venture into the company of those who are not professional poets, if haply such a thing as Charles G. Ames's "I stand on High" might reward the enterprise? Why not, to come back to the beaten road, Thoreau's "My life is like a stroll upon the beach," if nothing else of his. We might go far in this direction, but after all should be obliged to come back to the convicion that the collection is most admirable, and has in it the assurance of some delightful hours and many sweet returns for all who love poetry for its own sake.

J. W. C.

SPHINX LORE.—By Charlotte Brewster Jordan. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1897. Cloth, 16mo. $1.25.

This is a collection of original literary ingenuities and historical recreations, interspersed with charades, and games and diagrams, and simple puzzles. It can be heartily recommended for house consumption, and used somewhat sparingly, will do much for the pleasure of the domestic circle and the social company. Moreover, there is not a little instruction to be derived from it.

LOVE'S MESSAGES.—Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. New York and Boston. 158 pp., cloth, oblong. 75 cents.

A unique fashion of applying business methods to friendship's treasury. The name of the compiler is not given, but the book is in the form of the convenient pocket check-book so commonly used, the checks being all filled out with red-lettered texts from the Bible, and a stanza of poetry, in black, appropriate to the thought of the same, expressing comfort or good cheer. The checks are detachable from the stub, and of a size suitable to slip into a letter without folding. Each bears a number corresponding to that on its stub, as also a blank line for date, and another for signature. The book is daintily finished.

THREE PARTNERS, OR THE BIG STRIKE ON HEAVY TREE HILL. Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 342 pp. $1.25.

The strong, vivid strokes with which this author pictures life in a mining country are not wanting in this story. The deep, warm, friendship of the three men who are partners, the antagonism their big "strike" arouses, and the difficulties which follow them out into the world with their fortunes, furnish material for vigorous action and a varied plot. Some of these characters have appeared in previous short stories. Few writers show forth the natural workings of good and evil in human life with such force as does Bret Harte. Several lines in the story are left undeveloped at the last and disappear in a vague tangle, but the most prominent ones are clearly defined and characteristically matured.

E. T. L.

A Long Life and a Healthy One.

A little pile of books lies before me, all of them undertaking to deal with the question how man may live longer, and be more wholesome while he does live. (1) We have the "Story of Germ Life," written by Prof. H. W. Conn, and published by D. Appleton & Co., in the Library of Useful Stories. This book deals with the terrible bacteria. There is the bacillus of anthrax, of cholera, of pneumonia, of diphtheria, of glanders, of influenza, of leprosy, of fevers, of lock-jaw, of tuberculosis, and all discovered, and the list is still growing; all great captains of disease, assassins we might call them, lying in wait to destroy human life. Mr. Conn's summing up of the whole matter is, that with all the advance in preventative medicine, we cannot hope to avoid disease entirely. We are discovering that the sources of disease are on all sides of us, and so omnipresent that to avoid them entirely is impossible. "If we were to apply to our lives all the safeguards which bacteriology has taught us in order to avoid different diseases we should surround ourselves with conditions that would make life intolerable. To meet all dangers we should handle nothing which has not been sterilized, or should follow the handling by immediately sterilizing our hands. We should never put our fingers in our mouths, or touch our food with them. We should cease to ride in public conveyances, and cease to breathe common air. We should doubtless do all possible to develop preventative medicine, in order to guard the weak against parasitic organism. But it is well for us to remember that we can never hope to develop the strength of the human race by shunning evil, but rather by combatting it. The physician's duty is to watch and guard, but he must depend upon the vital powers of his patients to carry on alone the actual battle with the bacterial invaders."

We next take up a remarkably fine book published by the Lippincotts that undertakes to tell why we do not live longer than we do. Dr. J. R. Hayes, a medical examiner of the Bureau of Pensions at Washington, is the author. His watchword is from Pythagoras, "Have thou moderation in all things; keep thyself from wild joy and from wailing sorrow. Strive to hold thy soul in harmony and concord, like the strings of a well-tuned harp."

He discusses inherited diseases, sanitary marriages, digestion, nervous prostration, Christian science, massage, stimulants, and narcotics. He believes that a human being is by no means limited of necessity to a single century of life. He says, "Under every possible favoring condition of constitution, climate, food, and occupation, I can discover no natural or physiological law why a human being should not live twice as long as the average of human life, at the close of the nineteenth century. He gives us the very best common sense advice about our habits as to diet; and I believe that it is one of the books that it will do well for every person to have in his house, or even to carry around with him in his pocket. If he does not live twice as long by studying it, it will possibly be his own fault.

I pick up a book next that carries a little of the air of advertising about it, and is the most intense advocate of what it claims to be a new discovery, that is, "eating no morning meal." We need not yield to the author that this is an entirely new discovery; but may be grateful to him for pressing it upon the public as a matter of great importance. The writer of this review has found great benefit from this relative abstinence; and he can endorse the words of Rev. Dr. Pentecost, who writes an enthusiastic introduction to the book, claiming that it teaches a specific for vertigo and sick headaches, and that to go without breakfast is a great advantage in the way of restoring sound digestion and proper assimilation of food. I have myself seen only good come from it. There is without doubt nearly as much mischief from overeating as from hard drinking. In this brain-driving age we must let the brain have blood part of the time. But with three meals a day, and good digestion, it takes eight or nine hours to get through with our food. What chance has the brain but to fight for its own blood? No wonder the result is a quarrel between our functions, ending in disease. Try it patiently and see if Dr. Dewey is not right.

E. P. POWELL.

STORY OF GERM LIFE.—By H. W. Conn; published by D. Appleton & Co.
HOW TO LIVE LONGER.—By J. R. Hayes, M.D.; published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.
THE TRUE SCIENCE OF LIVING.—By E. H. Dewey, M.D.; published by Chc. Haskell & Son, Norwich, Conn.

Quo Vadis Again.

The great success of Sienkiewicz's greatest historic novel, makes it imperative that it should receive a due amount of criticism. As a vigorous and dramatic picture of Roman life in the age of Nero, it is as powerful as Carlyle's French Revolution. The cruel, side of the life of that age is overdrawn, however. It is well-known that among the Stoics

the brotherhood of man was rigorously preached, the Pythagoreans urged kindness to animals and abstained from eating meats, even Ahenobarbris himself, appointed a special judge to defend slaves from cruelty. Very little of this appears in "Quo Vadis."

The most objectionable feature of the book is the vigorous orthodox language that is put into the mouths of the Christians. They frequently speak of Jesus as a crucified god. Every student of first century Christianity knows that no such metaphysics as speculation or conclusion about the deityship of Jesus arose in that century. The recently discovered logia, show us a new and earlier stratum of gospel tradition, and goes further to confirm the more critical opinion that the first century disciples were not believers in the deityship of Jesus. Following this mistaken interpretation of early belief, the Roman martyrs are made to pray to Jesus almost exclusively; a habit that grew up much later.

On the other hand, in its powerful presentation of their fidelity to the needy and to each other and their ready forgiveness of all.

"Quo Vadis" is true to the most excellent features of the primitive church. If the present increasing demand for a restoration of the spirit of primitive Christianity, means this out and out fidelity to truth and to men, the more we have of it the better. If it means only the recrudescence of the paraphernalia of the primitive cultus then the less of it we have the better.

J. W. CALDWELL.

Growing Old.

Old—we are growing old:
Going on through a beautiful road,
Finding earth a more blessed abode;
Nobler works by our hearts to be wrought,
Freer paths for our hope and our thought;
Because of the beauty the years unfold.
We are cheerfully growing old.

Old—we are growing old:
Going up where the sunshine is clear;
Watching grander horizons appear
Out of clouds that enveloped our youth;
Standing firm on the mountains of truth;
Because of the glory the years unfold,
We are joyfully growing old.

Old—we are growing old:
Going in to the gardens of rest
That glow through the glow of the west,
Where the rose and the amaranth blend,
And each path is the way to a friend;
Because of the peace that the years unfold,
We are thankfully growing old.

Old—we are growing old:
Life blooms as we travel on
Up the hills, into fresh, lovely dawn;
We are children, who do but begin
The sweetness of living to win,
Because heaven is in us, to bud unfold,
We are younger for growing old!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Who owns the child? If the parents own him—mind, body and soul—we must adopt one line of argument; if, as a human being, he owns himself, we must adopt another. In my thought, the parent is simply a divinely appointed guardian, who acts for his child until he attains what we call the age of discretion—that highly uncertain period, which arrives very late in life with some persons, and not at all with others.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.— Tell me how much one loves and I will tell you how much he has seen of God.

MON.— To help one to help himself leads him to a larger and stronger life.

TUES.— When we open ourselves to the highest inspirations they never fail us.

WED.— True godliness is in a sense the same as true wisdom.

THURS.—We are all continually giving out influences similar to those that are playing in our own lines.

FRI.— The changing, the evolving self gives rise to quarrels; the permanent, the soul self unites all in the highest efforts of love and service.

SAT.— Adequacy for life, adequacy for everyday life here and now, must be the test of all true religion.

Ralph Waldo Prine.

Ned's Snowflakes.

Snowflakes flying through the air,
Lightly settling everywhere
In crescent, star and cross;
Softly resting here and there,
Nestling in my baby's hair
That north winds wildly toss.

Snowflakes, new to little Ned,
Start quaint thoughts within his head
And questions to his lips.
"Mamma, where's the snowflake bed?
Tell me why, they'll not be led,
But tumble, fall, and slip?"

"Snowflakes dear, are God's white fays,
Sent from heaven on wintry days
With messages of peace."
"No, that cannot be," he says,
"See! They knock and fight all ways,
Until they fall and cease."

Snowflakes heard Ned's little doubt,
Saucy ones grew stiff and stout
And in his eyes they flew.
Bravely winking bold flakes out:—
"Mamma! They know what they're 'bout,
They comed from heaven blue,—

"They wanted to get home so bad,
Lest on the earth they might be sad,
They tried to find some blue!
They saw my eyes, and thought they had
Found heaven! I 'spect they must be glad—
I know I am. Are you?"

—*Elvira Floyd Froemcke.*

Montreal, Canada.

How One Lad Started.

An old newspaper man told the following story not long ago, which is interesting, in that it shows what pluck and ambition will do for a boy: "Several years ago I was detailed to cover some disastrous floods in the lower part of the state. After traveling slowly all the afternoon, about dusk we began getting into the flooded district. The conductor of the train expressed some fears about the condition of the track, so when the train reached Boylston, I hunted up the telegraph operator to learn what the chances were of reaching the scene of the flood that night.

"While discussing the probabilities the train boy came up and called out to the operator 'O, Mr. Jackson, have you that shorthand book you promised me?'

"When he had gone the operator apologetically said, 'The boy is studying shorthand, sir.'

" 'Rather a bright boy he seems,' I remarked.

" 'O, yes, he knows a deal of shorthand already and he can send on the wires almost as good as I can.'

"That sort of boy aroused my curiosity. I got hold of him when the train started, and found out a little of his history. Nothing extraordinary, you know; a country lad of poor parentage endeavoring to earn his living. Well, we were rolling along, it seemed to me very rapidly, when I felt the car give a sudden lurch; then followed a terrific bumping and as the thoughts flew through my mind that the rails had spread, the car toppled over on its side with a crash. I came out of that wreck bruised and battered, with a broken leg.

"They got me at last into a house close by, and later I heard that fifteen people lost their lives. While waiting for the doctor I wondered how I could get the news of the disaster to the office. I thought of the train boy. Just the chap, and I got one of the men in the house to search for him. In a short time the boy came, for luckily he had escaped with a few scratches. I explained to him what I wanted. Well, gentlemen, the boy knew everything about that accident, even to the number of spikes in the spread rail, and he took my copy down in shorthand like a professional.

"Before I got through I gave up—fainted, you know—and I never learned till some time after how the matter came out. It seemed from the dictation I gave him he got enough of an example out of it to enable him to finish the rest of the story in the same style, and got it over the wires in time for the edition. They never knew at the office that the story of the disaster had been sent by a train boy until a couple of days later, when the corrected list of the killed and wounded reached them. As the boy failed to put my name on the list he sent in, and receiving what they thought was my report, they had concluded I had escaped. Several weeks after, when I was able to get about, I hunted up the lad, and made him a sort of *protege* of mine; he is now one of the most brilliant men in the profession!"—*Harper's Round Table.*

All For Others.

Some of us have one thing to give and some another. John Ruskin, the famous English writer, who now awaits in feebleness and age the home summons, has been rich and learned, and a lover and collector of beautiful things, and he has tried to share all his possessions with the poor. A writer in the *Youth's Companion*, tells how Ruskin began by giving first a tenth of his income to the poor, then half, then finally nearly the whole.

If others would not encourage the study of art in the schools, Ruskin would buy ten water-color drawings of William Hunt and give them to the public schools of London.

He fell heir to one million dollars; this amount he has given away except a sufficient sum to give him an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Upon this he now lives, the income from his books being distributed among his old pensioners, and his various plans for social reform.

He bestowed his art treasures with like generosity. He gave the marbles which he had collected in Greece, and his priceless Italian drawings to public galleries and museums, where they would benefit the common people.

Refusing the invitations of the rich, and putting away the temptation to a life of elegant ease and refined luxury, Ruskin gave himself to the poor. His best lectures were never given where English wealth and social prestige were represented, but were delivered to working girls' and workingmen's associations.—*The Myrtle.*

Retrospection and Introspection.

How the moving years transfigure all the past for us? The field flowers in the little child's hands are compensation for the aching limbs and tired feet, that ran here and there after them. It only cried "I see a flower," and hastened to pick it. "I see another," and so on, until the little hands were full. Then the aching and pain came; but after these had passed by, the precious flowers remained.

So with us in maturer years. After the aching and pain from loss, disappointment, and death, we still hold the precious flowers of our ambitions, hopes, and loves, which memory ever guards and brightens.

Has the world gone mad, that it has come to seem almost a crime for one to take a half hour with one's own soul? Must one be lashed to such constant action, that he is denied the opportunity of strengthening and increasing the stores of supply necessary to well directed action by self-communion?

F. B. DUNNING.

What a Flower Said to a Socialist.

Hast thou seen a flower's unfolding?
  Marked a bud's evolving strife?
From the inward to the outward
  Bursting into wider life.

Then if thou canst read the symbols
  God has scattered through his earth,
Thou wilt see how man develops
  Moving on from birth to birth.

First the outer leaves are loosened,
  And the inner open last;
Half the petals may have freedom
  While the rest are fettered fast.

So in human evolution,
  Kings and lords have freedom gained,
Followed by the middle classes,
  While the workers are enchained.

Newest life is in the center
  Of the half-unfolded flower,
And the outer leaves first wither,
  Losing shapeliness and power.

So the heart of all is Labor—
  There the fullest life is found,
Prophesying growth and freedom
  To the frailest petal bound.

Not upon the outer petals
  Must the inner ones depend;
But upon their own endeavor;
  Labor is its own best friend.

Thus each rosebud is a token
  That our triumph is at hand.
When the Life-power shall have broken
  Every tyrannizing band.

Roses are not rosebuds ruined;
  Change brings hope, not fear and awe;
From inward evermore to outward
  Is the universal law.

—*Herbert N. Casson.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

APPLETON, WIS.—The Congregational church, under the lead of John Faville, one of the Directors of the Liberal Congress at this place, is one of the phenomenal helpful churches in the state. It has a Sunday evening men's club of over seven hundred, who are working to make the Sunday evening a vital source of instruction for the community. Its Sunday-school numbers eight hundred children, and there is a regular boy's choir of a hundred voices. The church employs an efficient assistant pastor and every day brings its duties and its blessings to such a church.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The local paper has the following to say of the Independent Congregationalist Church of this place. We learn from other sources that the Rev. S. J. Stewart, who has recently taken charge of this pulpit is meeting with most interesting success. The church enjoys the new pastor and the pastor is very happy in his work, in all of which THE NEW UNITY rejoices and sends congratulations :

"The Christmas services at the Independent Congregational church yesterday morning were charming, the music being fine and the address a grand one. Pleasing numbers by the large chorus choir were rendered, including the chorus from the 'Messiah,' 'And the Glory of the Lord,' which was given a beautiful interpretation, and 'Be Not Afraid' from the oratorio, 'Elijah,' which was a grand burst of harmony.

"The sermon by the minister, Rev. S. J. Stewart, was one of those kinds that set people thinking and has been considered by many, the best ever delivered in the church. The subject was the 'Deeper Meaning of Christmas—the Real Religion of Jesus.' The church and platform was modestly decorated and the service was quiet and plain."

CHICAGO.—Rev. F. C. Southworth has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Third Unitarian Church. He led church and people in their Christmas Festival service. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Southworth to Chicago and to the fellowship of the spirit which awaits them. . . . Rev. A. L. Hudson, of Salt Lake City, Utah, is occupying the pulpit of Unity Church at present. . . . The young ladies of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute joined with pastor and people of All Souls' Church last Sunday evening in a beautiful evening of Christmas music. Old and new carols were sung and the pastor read some Christmas poems. Some fifty of the children of the Helen Heath Settlement took part in the children's Christmas Carol service at Central Music Hall last Wednesday.

TROY, N. Y.—The *Budget* of this place has this to say of the work of the Rev. Mr. Crooker:

"Perhaps the greatest change in the church work of the city has been in the Unitarian. When the Rev. Joseph Crooker came to the charge with his talented wife, the Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, the church was at its lowest ebb. The congregation was not worthy of the name, the Sunday-school was in a dying condition, and, in fact, there was no life in the organization. With the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Crooker, however, everything seemed to spring into new life. The increase in the congregation has been 100 per cent. It is the largest at the present time in the history of the church. The Sunday-school has increased 50 per cent in membership and grown rapidly in efficency. It has an adult attendance of over one-third. The Woman's Alliance has more than doubled. It has inaugurated new literary work and a flourishing industrial school. The present attendance of the Young People's Club is three times its former. This year the club is engaged in the study of Emerson. The choir has been reorganized and is giving entire satisfaction. The Children's Neighborhood Library, which is strictly non-secretarian, is a noble work, and has increased largely since the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Crooker. As many as 75 children visit it during a single evening. Thus it will be seen that the change in this church within the past year has been great."

The Sweet By-and-by.

No other song of singer,
Though he ne'er so sadly sing,
Leaves in my heart to linger
Such a melancholy ring,
As the song which has extended
To *the few* before they die,
The hope, when life is ended,
Of a Sweet By-and-By.

The hard of heart receive it
As the child receive the rod.
But the generous, who believe it,
Must apologize for—God;
Oh, shall a puny mortal
Rise more mercifully high
Than he who swings the portal
Of the Sweet By-and-By.

Let us wrench it from its mooring
In a narrow human creed;
Let us make it the outpouring
Of all hearts that break and bleed;
Let us bring it to Christ's level
So that all may catch the cry,
And join the sacred revel
Of the Sweet By-and-By.

Not all in their believing
Can believe as I believe,
And the things, to them, deceiving,
I may think do not deceive;
Shall I judge them for their blindness,
And their sinning, and deny
To them God's loving kindness,
And a Sweet By-and-By?

Oh, Thou of the Supernal,
Let it filter from above:
That largest fact eternal—
God's all-involving Love,
Let this star of hope before us
So illuminate our sky,
That the *World* shall join the chorus
Of the Sweet By-and-By.

—*William C. Cooper.*

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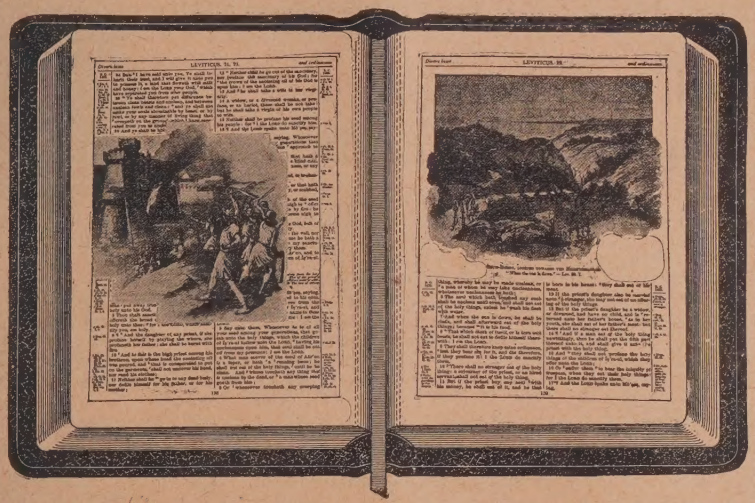

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness. B. C. 1491.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣeṣ said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17. Is. 41. 10, 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22. 20. 4.

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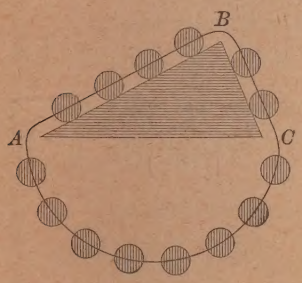

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